The noysome weedes that without profit sucke
The soiles fertilitie from wholsome flowers.
Man. Why should wee in the compasse of a pale,
Keepe law and forme, and due proportion,
Shewing in a modle our firme estate,
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land
Is full of weedes, her fairest flowers choakt vp,
Her fruit trees all vnprunde, her hedges ruind,
Her knots disordered, and her holsome hearbes
Swarming with Caterpillers.
Gard. Hold thy peace,
He that hath suffered this disordered spring,
Hath now himselfe met with the fal of leafe:
The weedes that his broade spreading leaues did shelter,
That seemde in eating him to hold him vp,
Are pluckt vp roote and all by Bullingbrooke,
I meane the Earle of Wiltshire, Bushie, Greene.
Man. What are they dead?
Gard. They are,
And Bullingbrooke hath ceasde the wastefull King,
Oh what pittie it is that he had not so trimde
And dreste his land as wee this garden at time of yeare
Do wound the barke, the skinne of our fruit trees,
Lest being ouer-proud with sappe and bloud,
With too much riches it confound it selfe:
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might haue hude to beare, and he to taste
Their fruits of dutie: superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughes may liue:
Had he done so, himselfe had borne the Crowne,
Which waste of idle houres hath quite throwne downe.
Man. What, thinke you the king shall be deposed?
Gard. Depreste he is already, and deposde
Tis doubt he will be. Letters came last night
To a deare friend of the good Duke of Yorks
That tell black tydings.
Queen Oh I am prest to death through want of speaking
Thou old Adams likenesse set to dresse this garden,

How dares thy ha
What Eue, what se
To make a second
Why dost thou sa
Darst thou thou
Diuine his downe
Camst thou by thi
Gard. Pardon m
To breathe these
King Richard he
Of Bullingbrooke
In your Lo. scale
And some few var
But in the Ballanc
Besides himselfe,
And with that odd
Post you to Lond
I speake no more t
Queene Nimble
Doth not thy emb
And am I last that
To serue me last,
Thy sorrow in my
To meete at Lond
What, was I borne
Should grace the t
Gardner for tellin
Pray God the plan
Gard. Poore Qu
I would my skil w
Here did she drop
Ile set a banke of R
Rew euen for ruth
In remembrance o
Bull. Call forth
Now Bagot, freely
What thou doest
Who wrought it w